



all new  
The FLINTSTONES STARRING

# DINO

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production



00024



# DINO

in

## "THE YANKS ARE COMING"

OMIGOSH!  
THE HOUSE IS  
HAUNTED!

IT'S ONLY DINO,  
FRED... HE'S GOT A  
TOOTHACHE!



NO WONDER!  
HE EATS SO MUCH  
HIS WHOLE JAW  
OUGHTA HURT!

FATSO DOESN'T  
CARE IF I HAVE  
A TOOTHACHE!

ZZZZZZ



MUTOOHUT!

MY TOOTH  
HURTS!

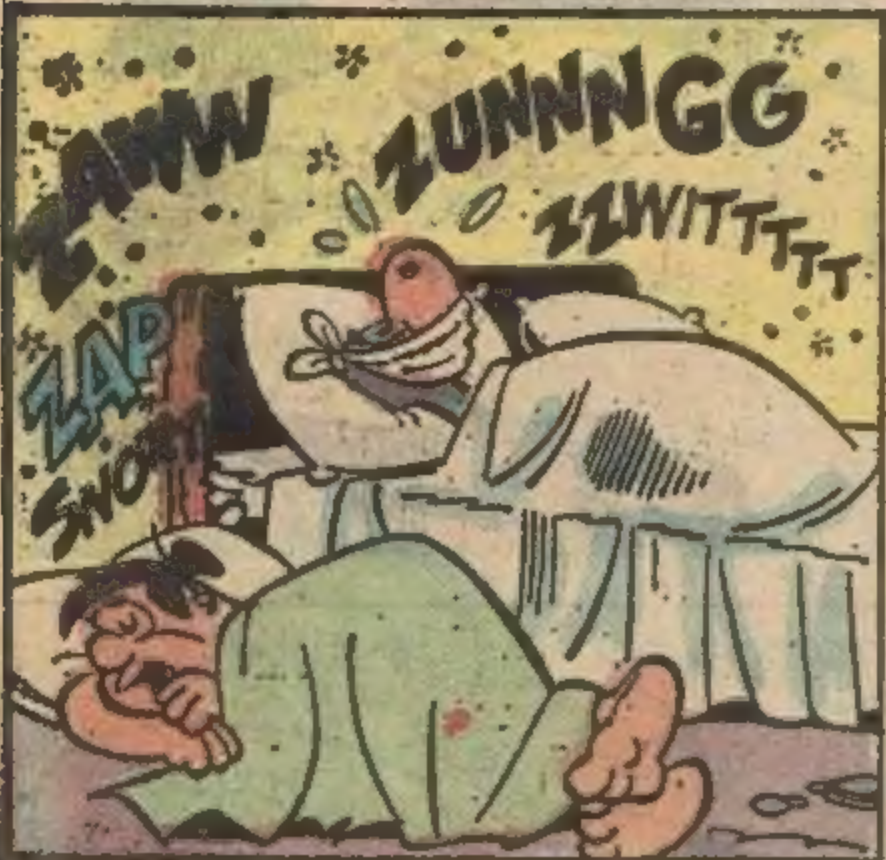
IF YOU DON'T  
GET OUTA HERE,  
I'LL KNOCK  
IT OUT!



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# DINO in SCHOOL DALE

I BEEN TEACHIN' DINO SOME TRICKS.  
WATCH HIM JUMP THROUGH THE  
HOOP! **COME ON, DINO!**

SNAP



OFFFF!

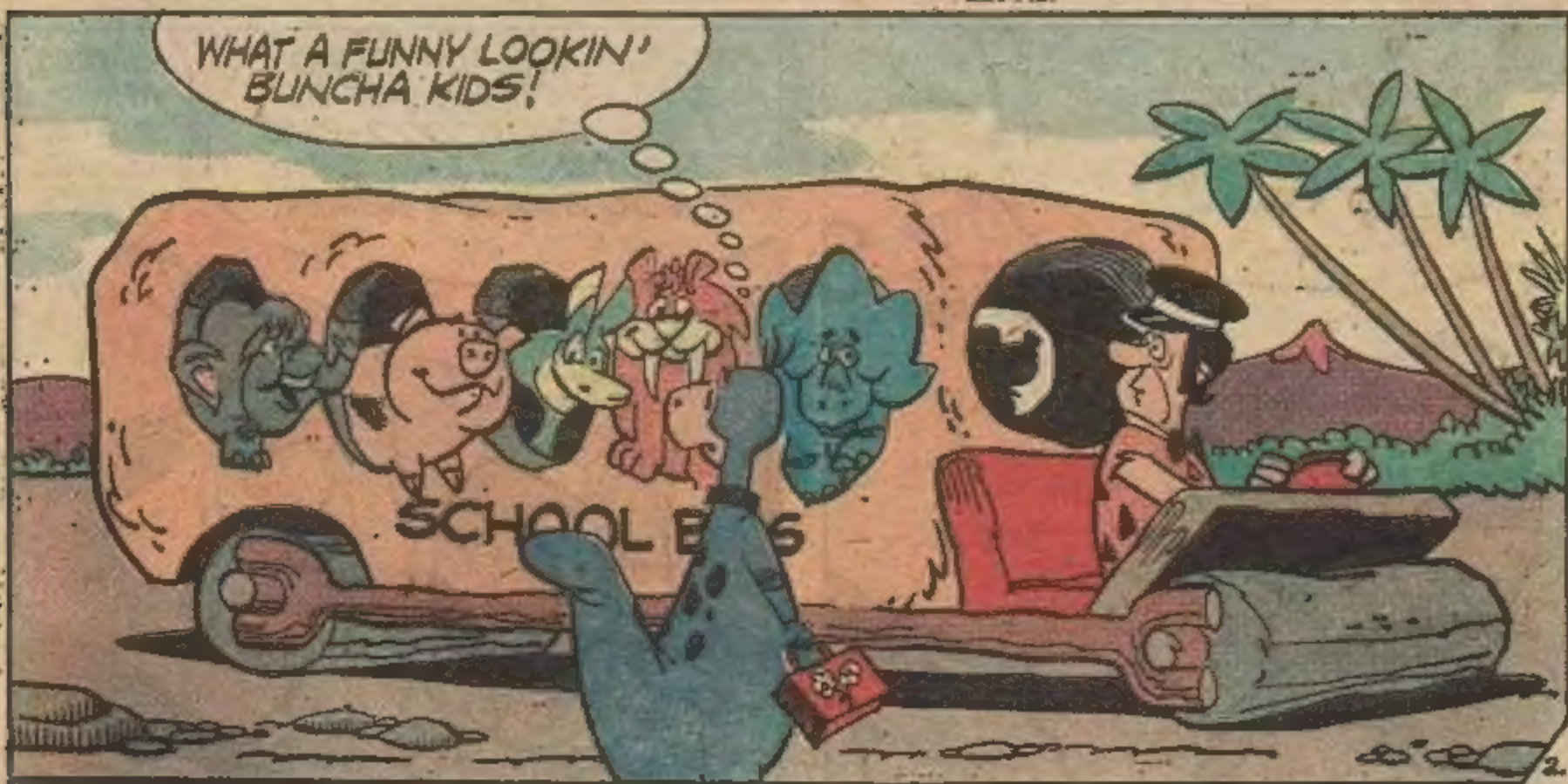
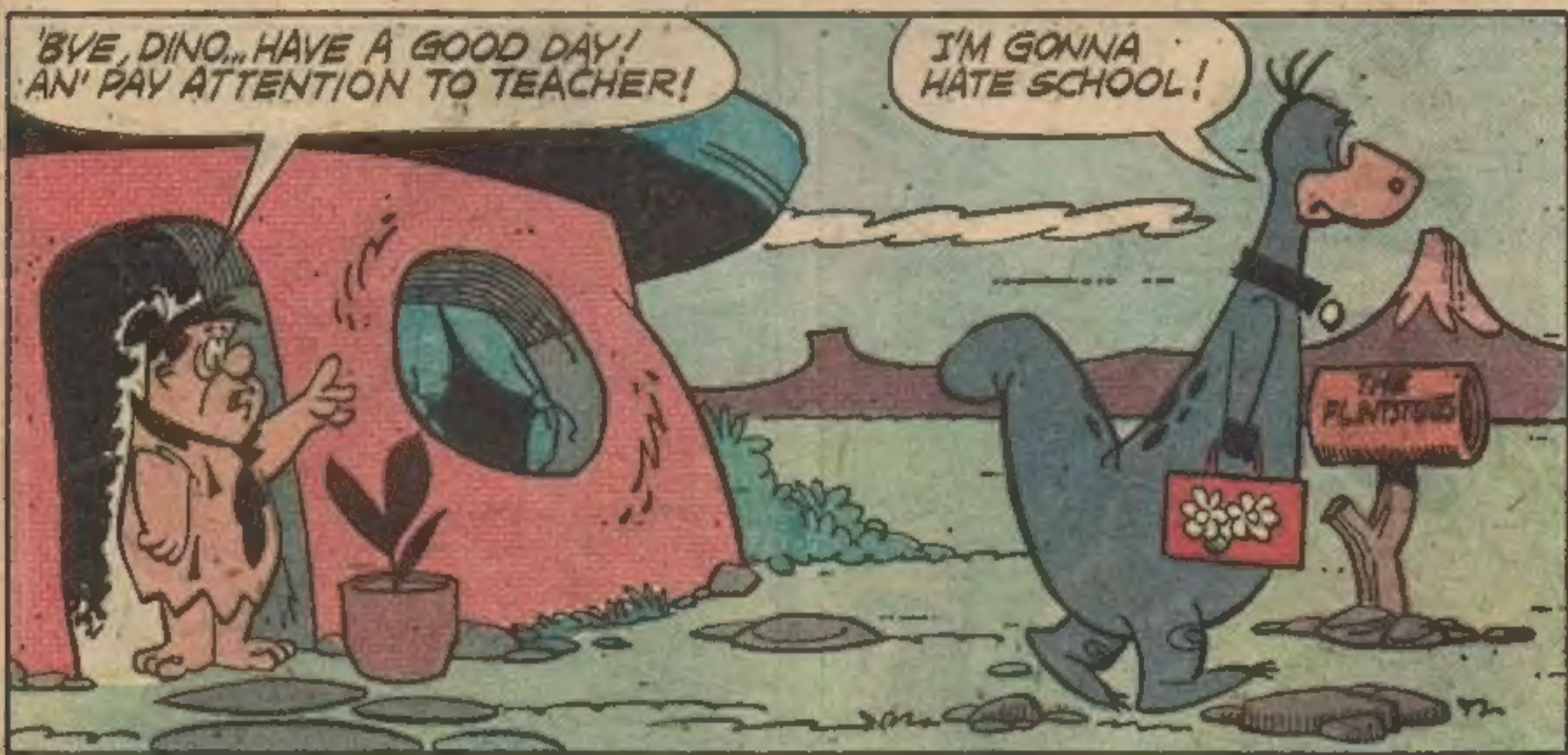


OF ALL THE STUPID  
IGNORANT.....

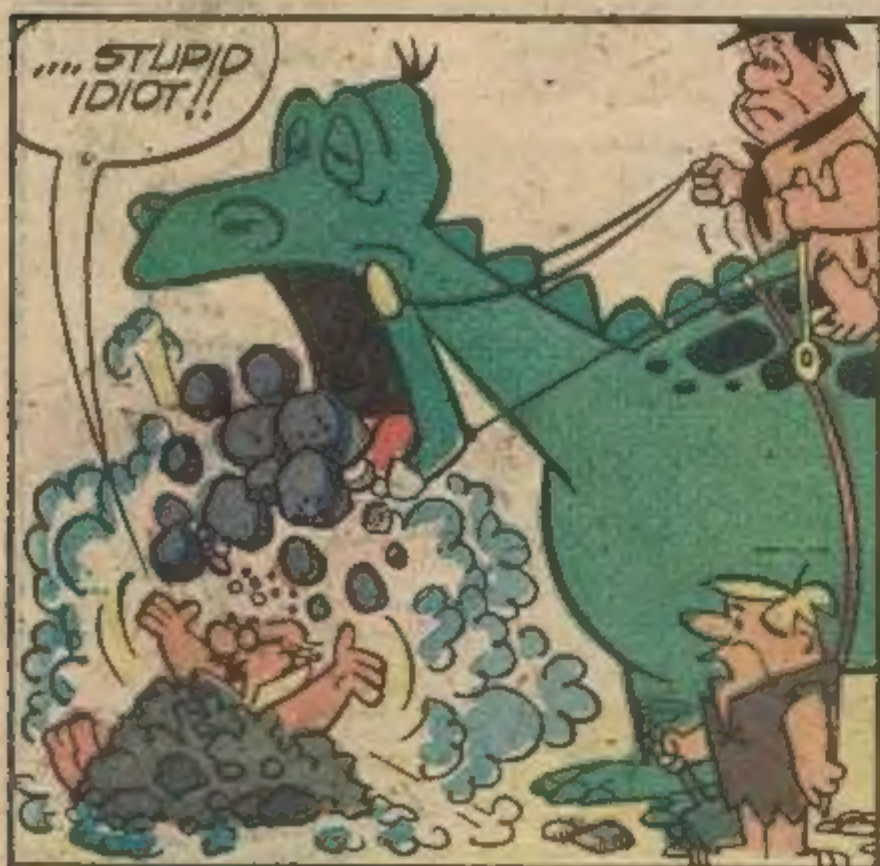
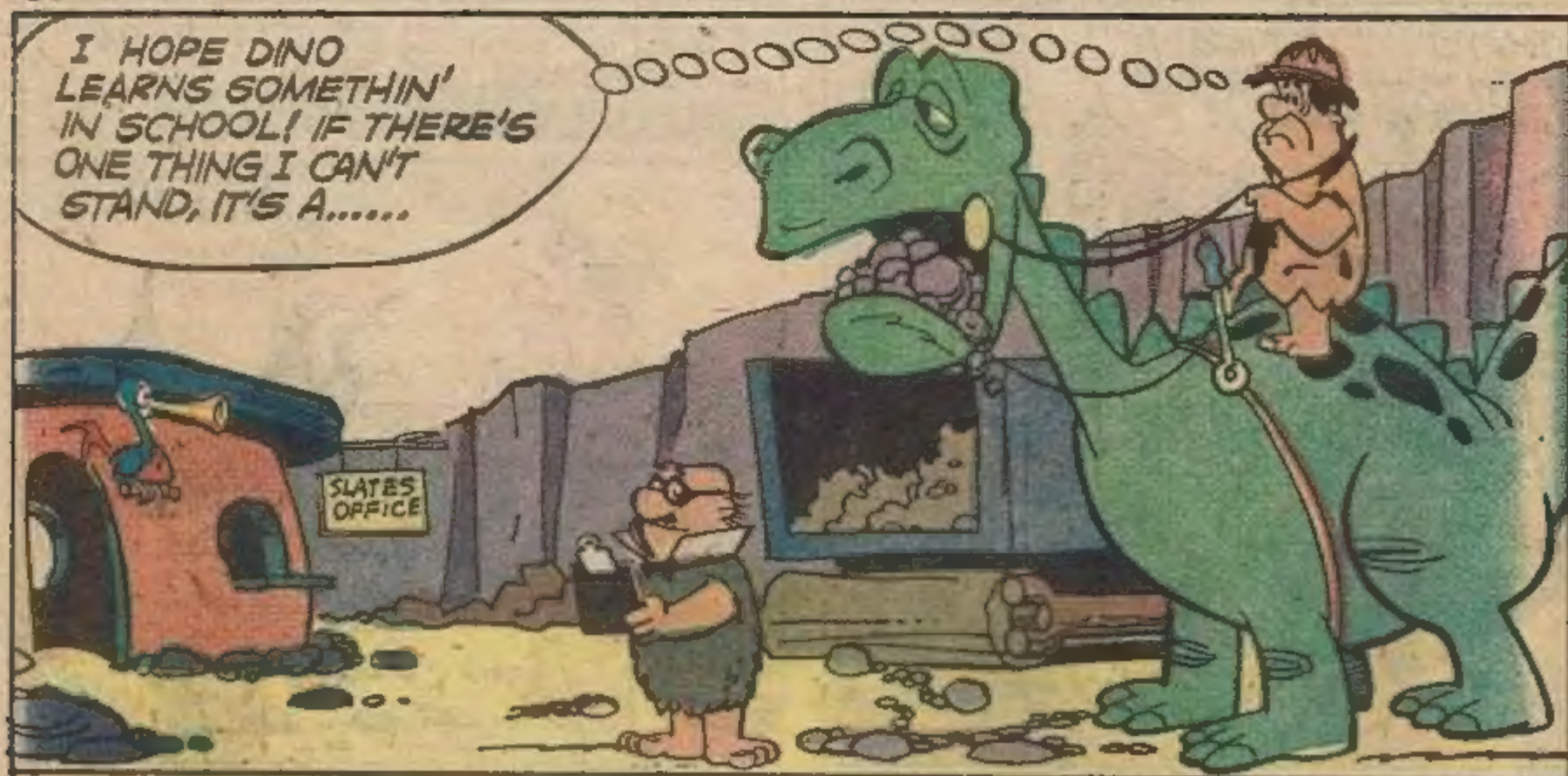
IF I JUMPED  
THROUGH THAT  
DUMB HOOP  
HE'D HAVE ME  
DOIN' IT ALL  
THE TIME!



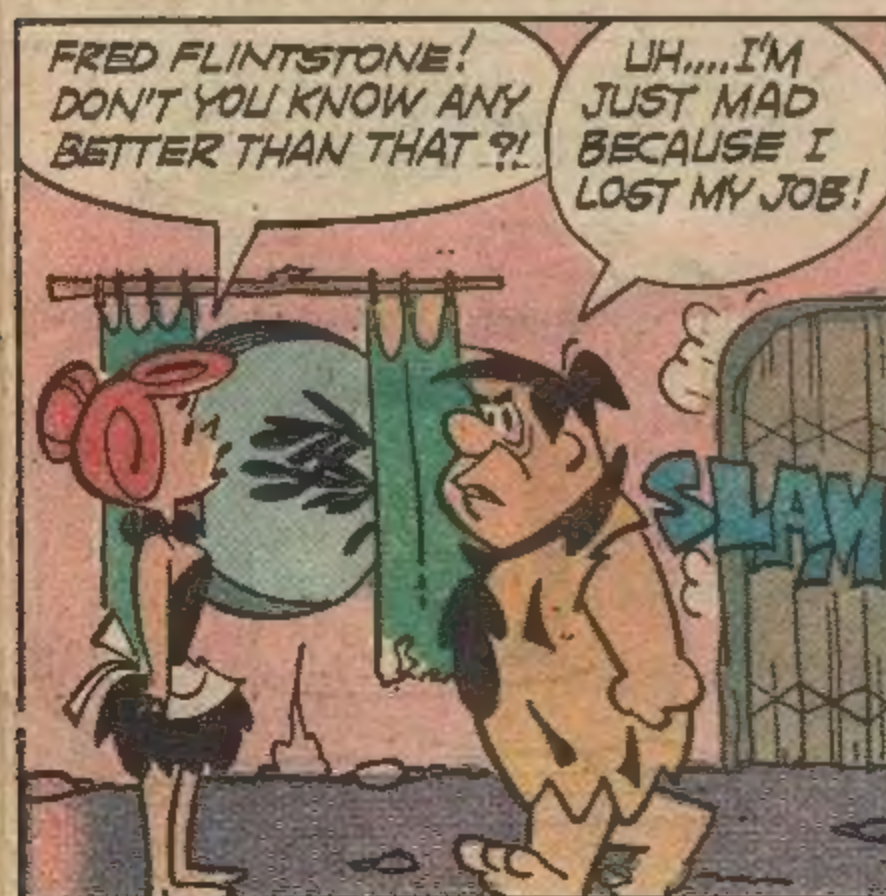
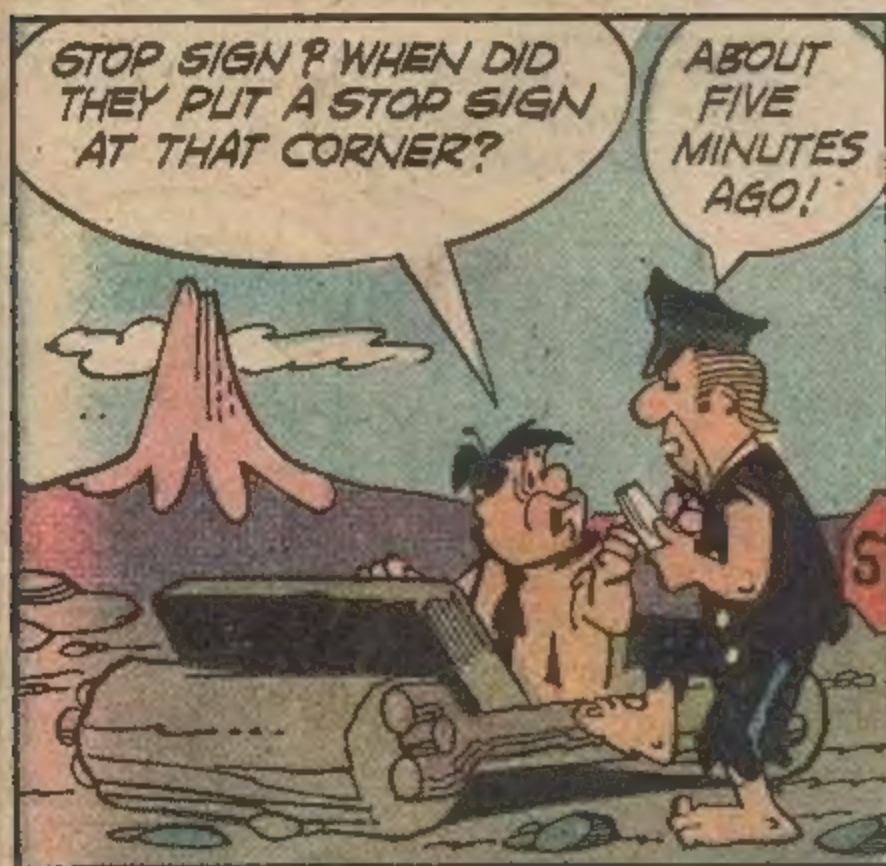














I DIDN'T SEND HIM TO SCHOOL FOR THAT! I JUST WANT HIM TO LEARN SIMPLE STUFF!

YOU HUSH, FRED,..... THE TEACHER SAYS DINO HAS A VERY GOOD MIND!

ALL I WANTED WAS FER HIM TA LEARN TO FETCH MY PAPERS AND SLIPPERS AT NIGHT!

"I NEVER SHOULDA SENT DINO TA SCHOOL! HE'S DUMBER NOW THAN WHEN HE STARTED!"

NOW, FOR MY FAVORITE TV PROGRAM... "AS THE WORM TURNS"!

YUCCCHHH!

DOUBLE YUUCCHH!

HOLD IT! I'M NOT GONNA WATCH THAT EGGHEAD!

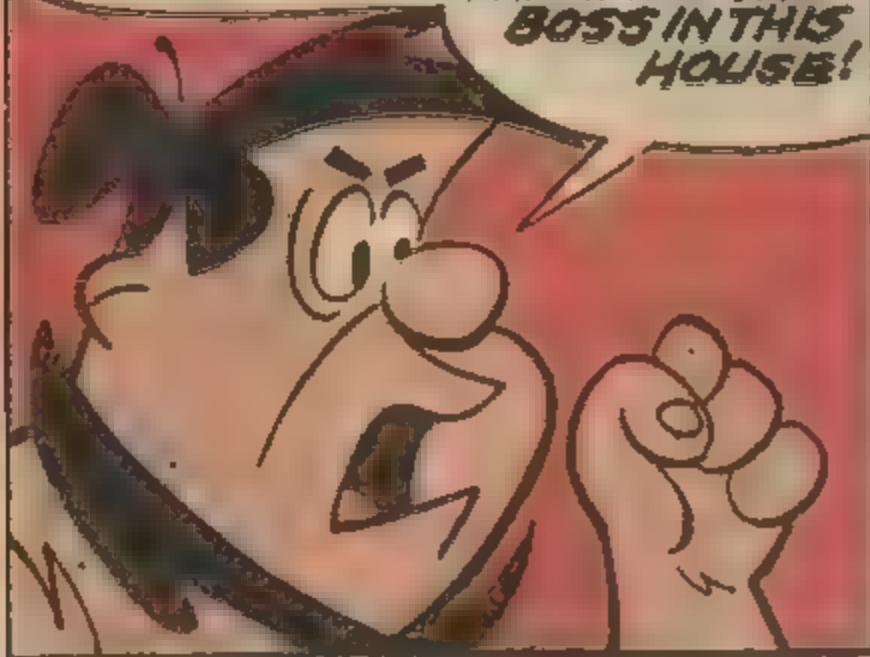
SHHH, FRED! DINO AND I WANT TO WATCH THIS!

NOW, WE WILL DISCUSS THE ECONOMIC IMPLICATIONS OF INFLATION IN BEDROCK!

CLICK



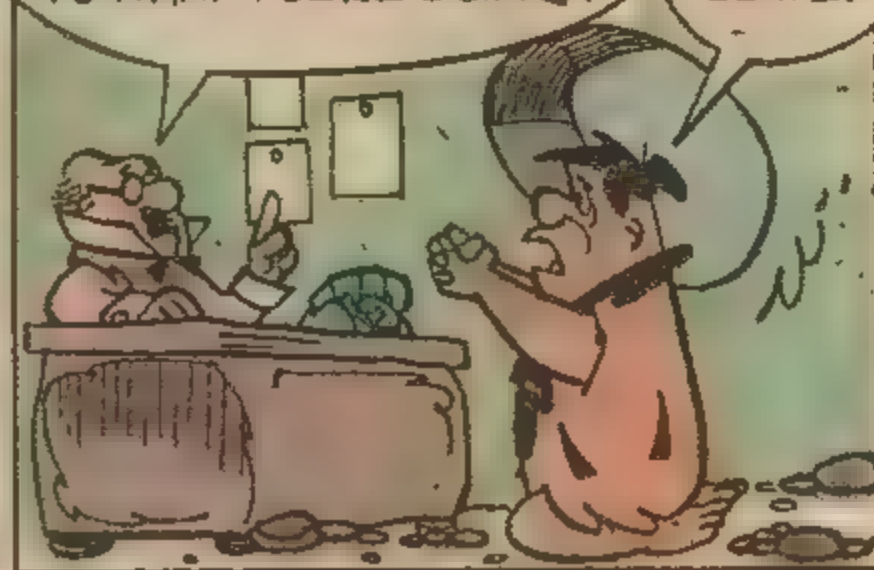
ENOUGH! I'M GONNA SEE MR. SLATE  
TOMORROW AND GET MY JOB BACK...  
TOMORROW NIGHT WHEN I GET HOME,  
I PICK THE TV PROGRAMS WE'LL  
WATCH! I'M THE  
**BOSS IN THIS  
HOUSE!**



SO NEXT MORNING FRED DEMANDED  
HIS JOB BACK....

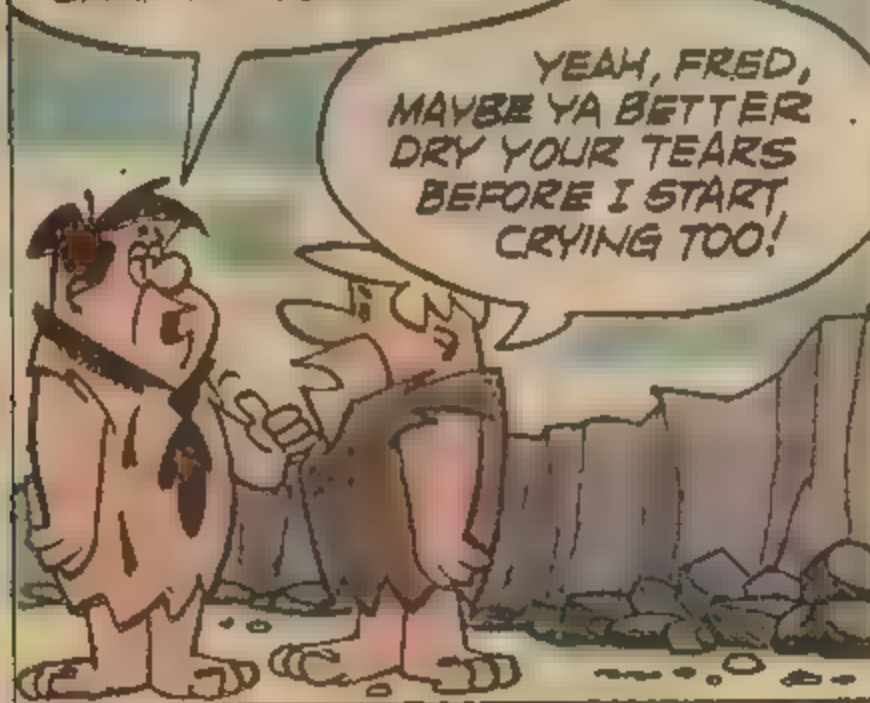
STOP BAWLING, FLINTSTONE!  
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR JOB  
BACK BUT PAY ATTENTION  
TO WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

THANKS,  
MR.  
SLATE!



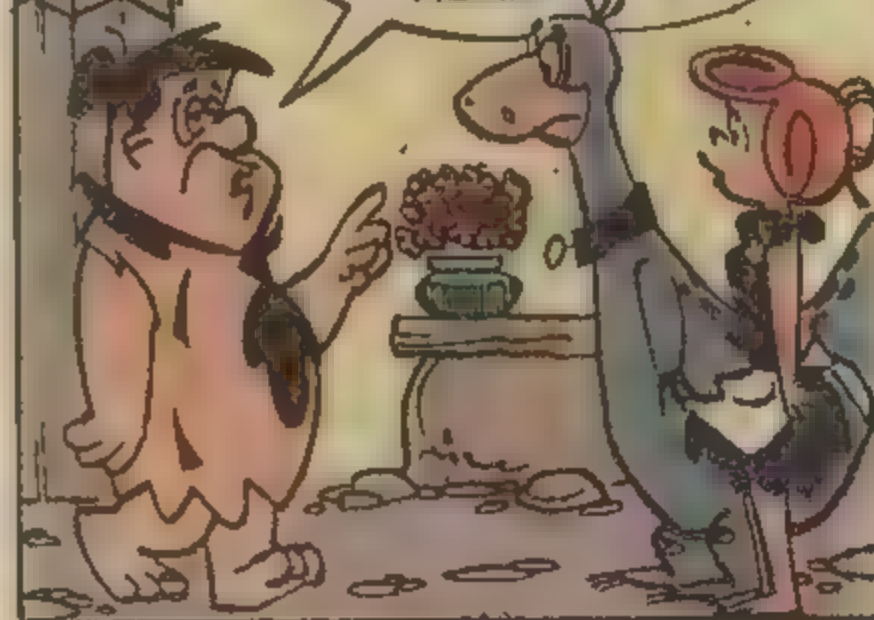
I LAID IT ON THE LINE!  
HE BEGGED ME TO COME  
BACK TO WORK!

YEAH, FRED,  
MAYBE YA BETTER  
DRY YOUR TEARS  
BEFORE I START  
CRYING TOO!

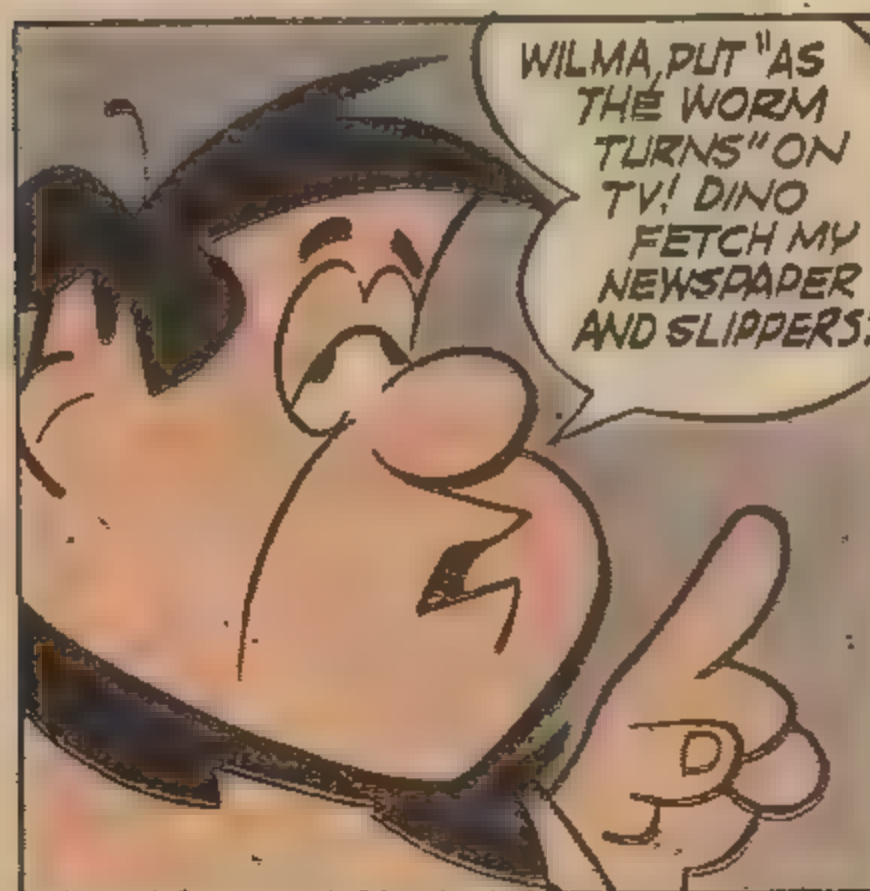


LATER

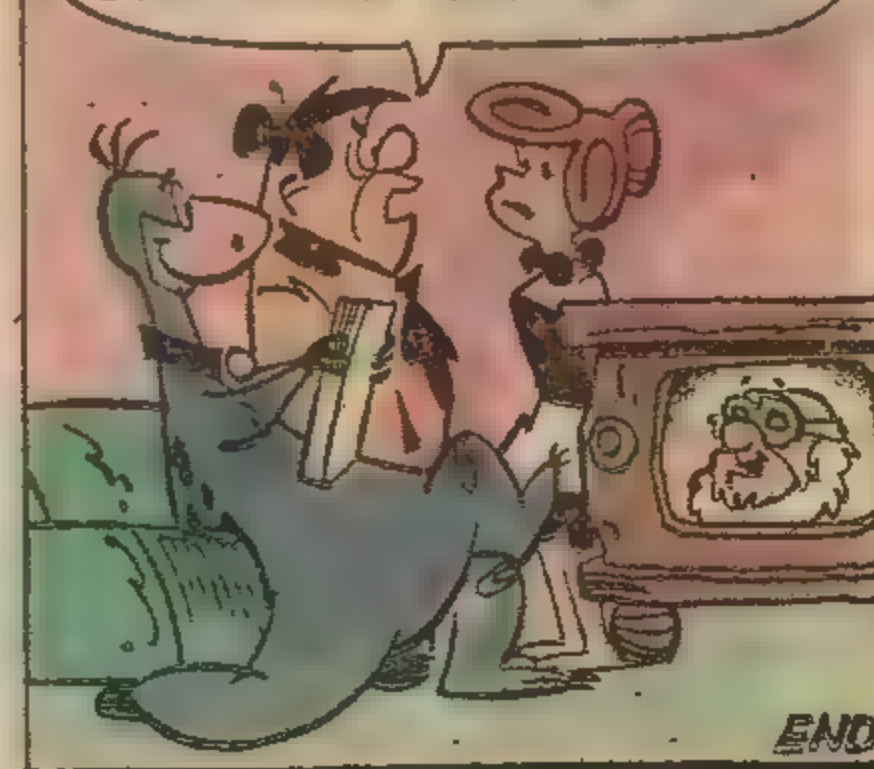
WELL, I GOT MY JOB  
BACK... AND THERE'S  
GONNA BE SOME  
**CHANGES** AROUND  
HERE!



WILMA, PUT "AS  
THE WORM  
TURNS" ON  
TV! DINO  
FETCH MY  
NEWSPAPER  
AND SLIPPERS!



IT AIN'T FAIR, WILMA!... MAKE  
DINO GIMME MY PAPER!



END



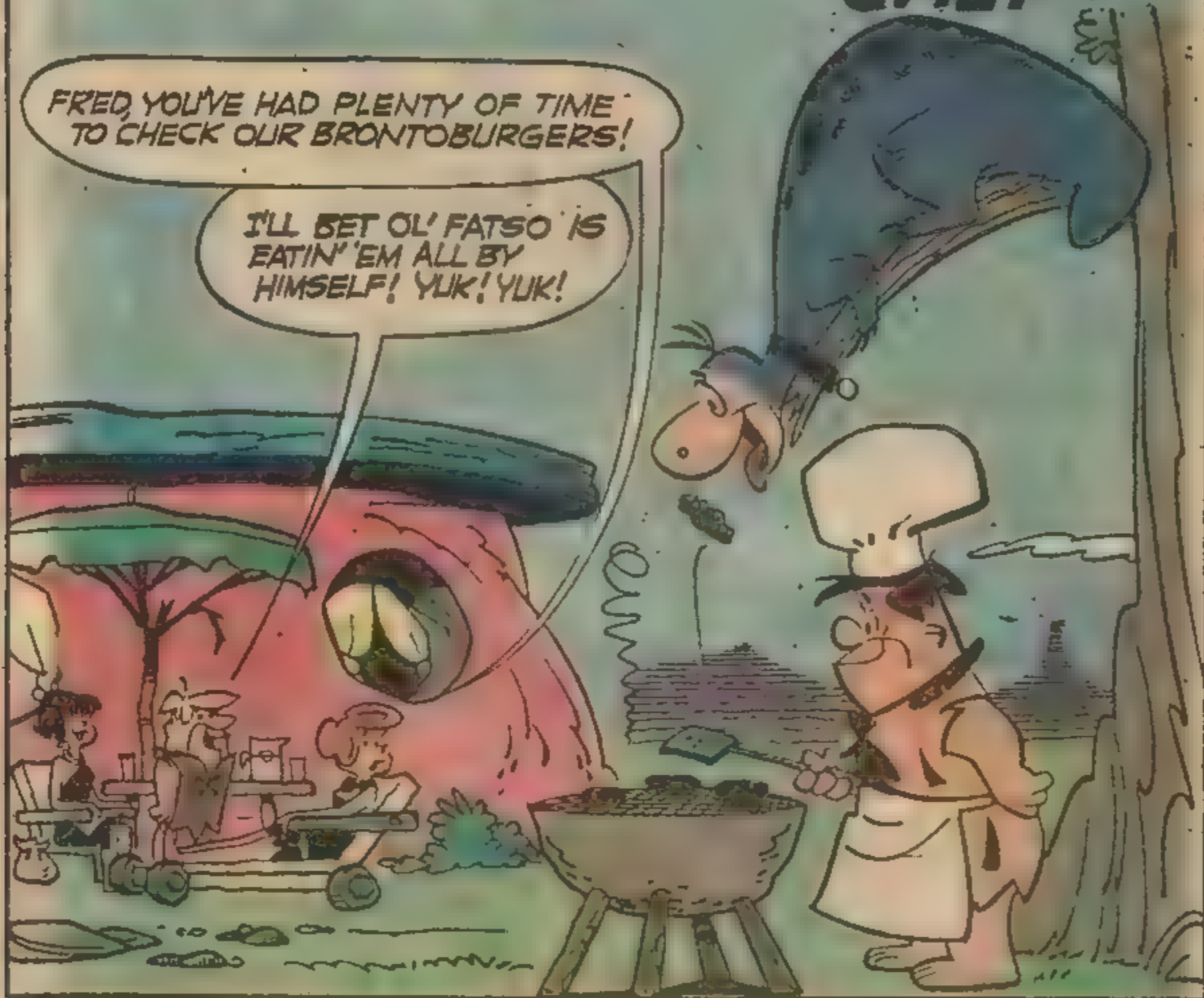
# DINO

in

## "THE CHEERFUL CHEF"

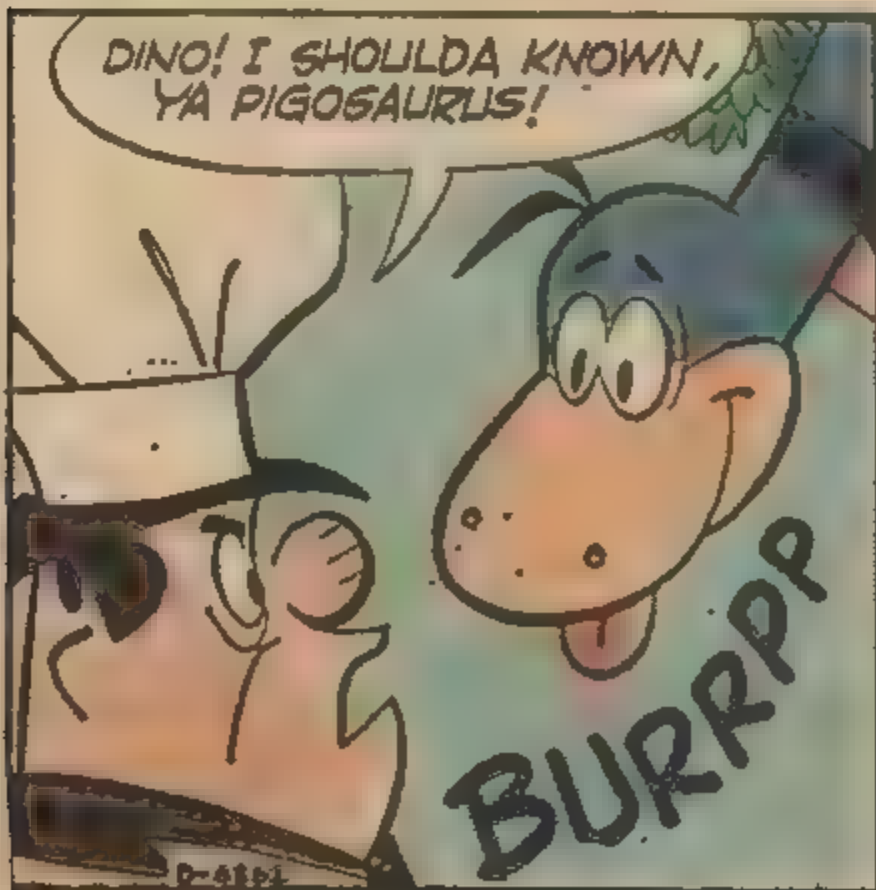
FRED, YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF TIME  
TO CHECK OUR BRONTOBURGERS!

I'LL BET OL' FATSO IS  
EATIN' 'EM ALL BY  
HIMSELF! YUK! YUK!

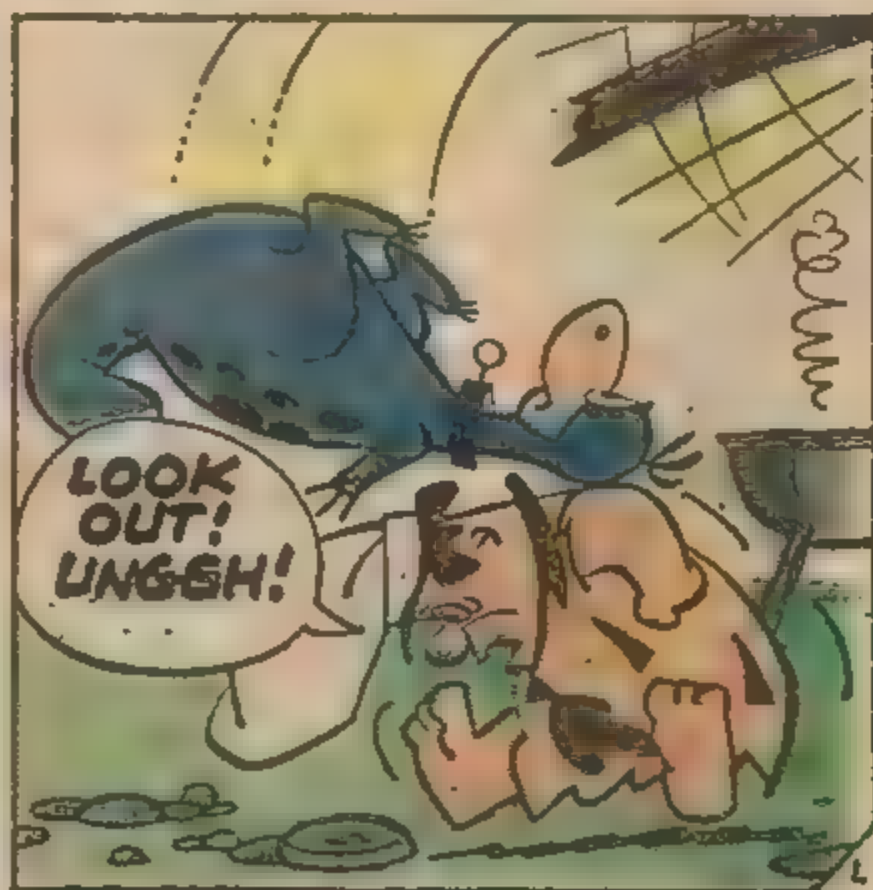


DINO! I SHOULDA KNOWN,  
YA PIGOSAURUS!

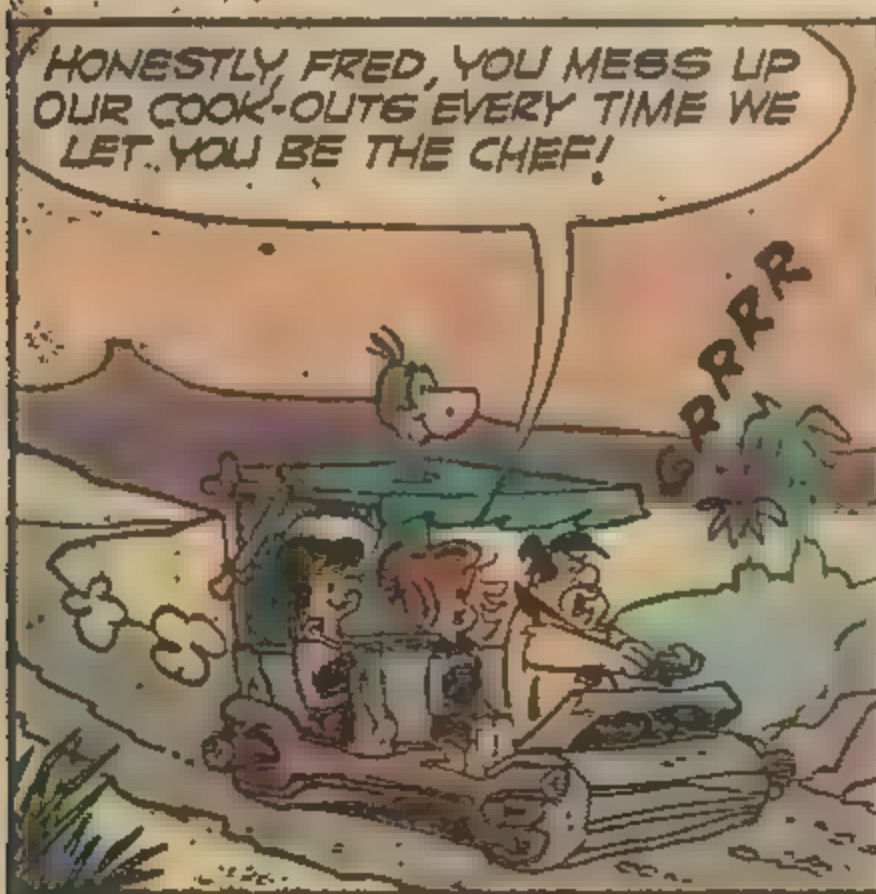
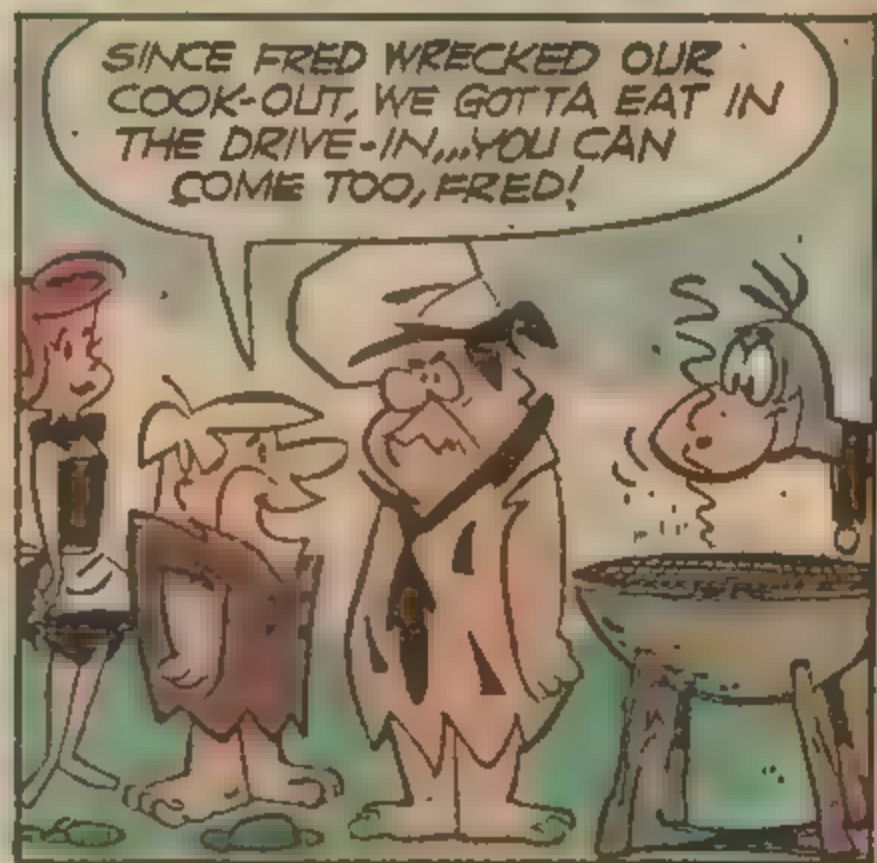
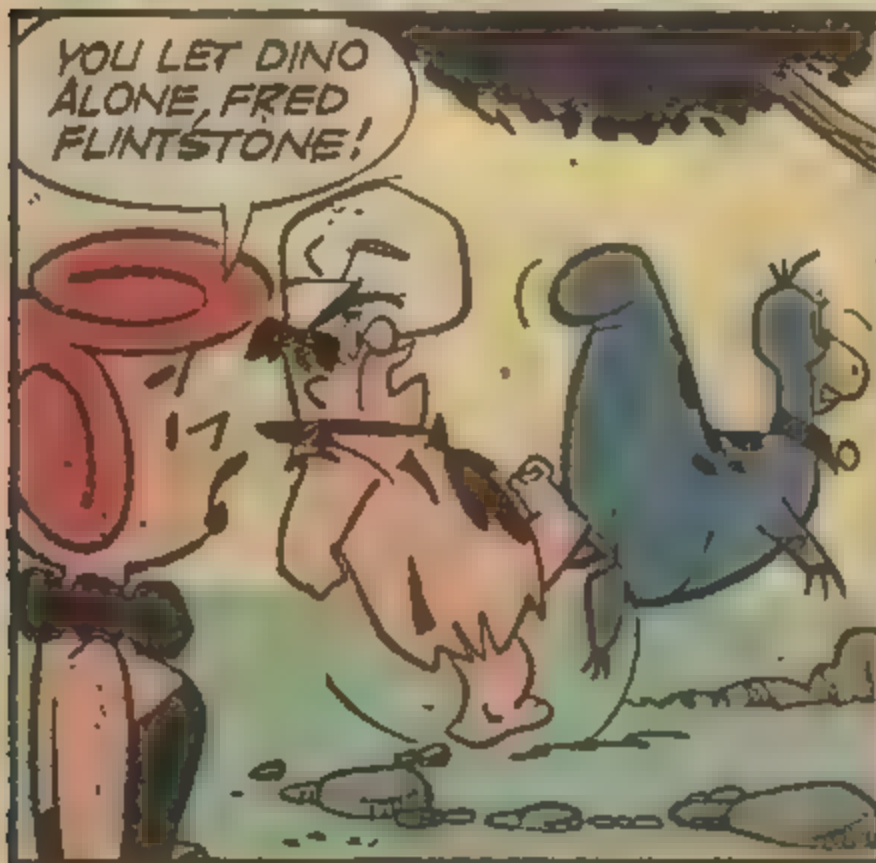
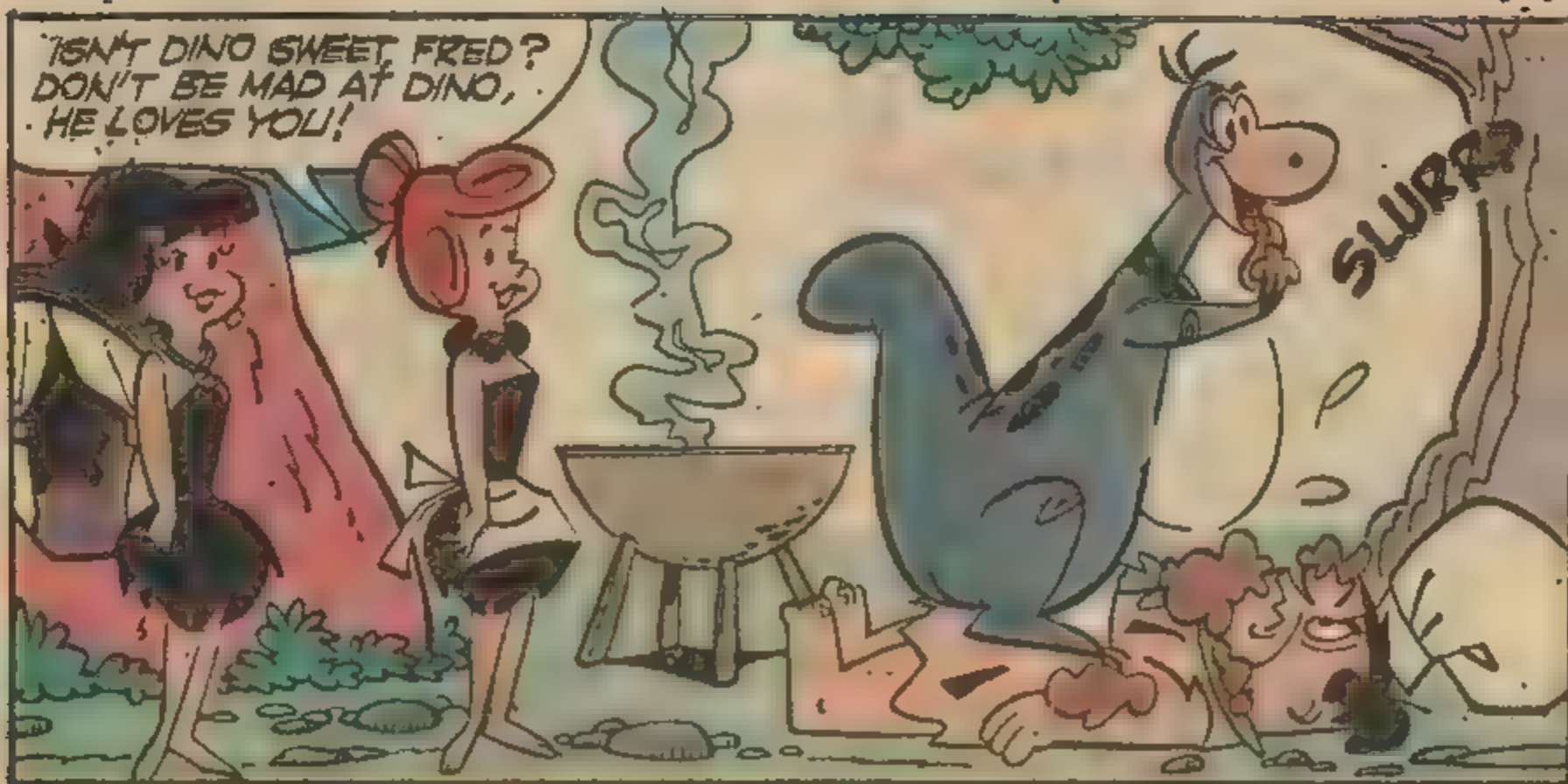
BURPPP



LOOK  
OUT!  
UNGSH!

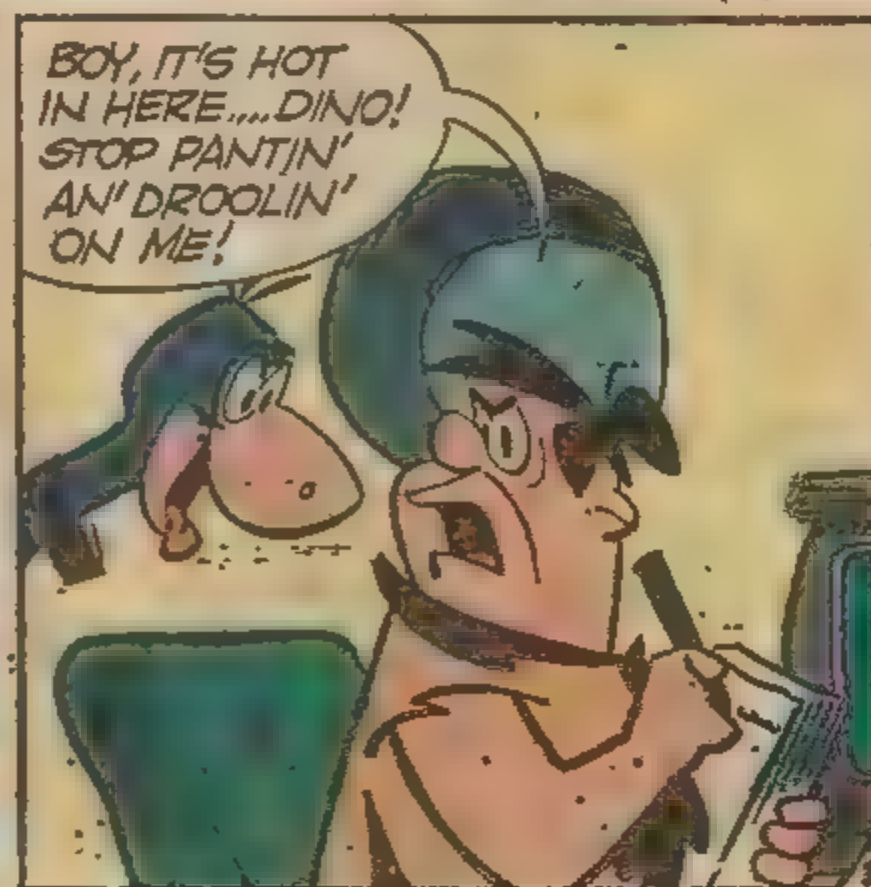
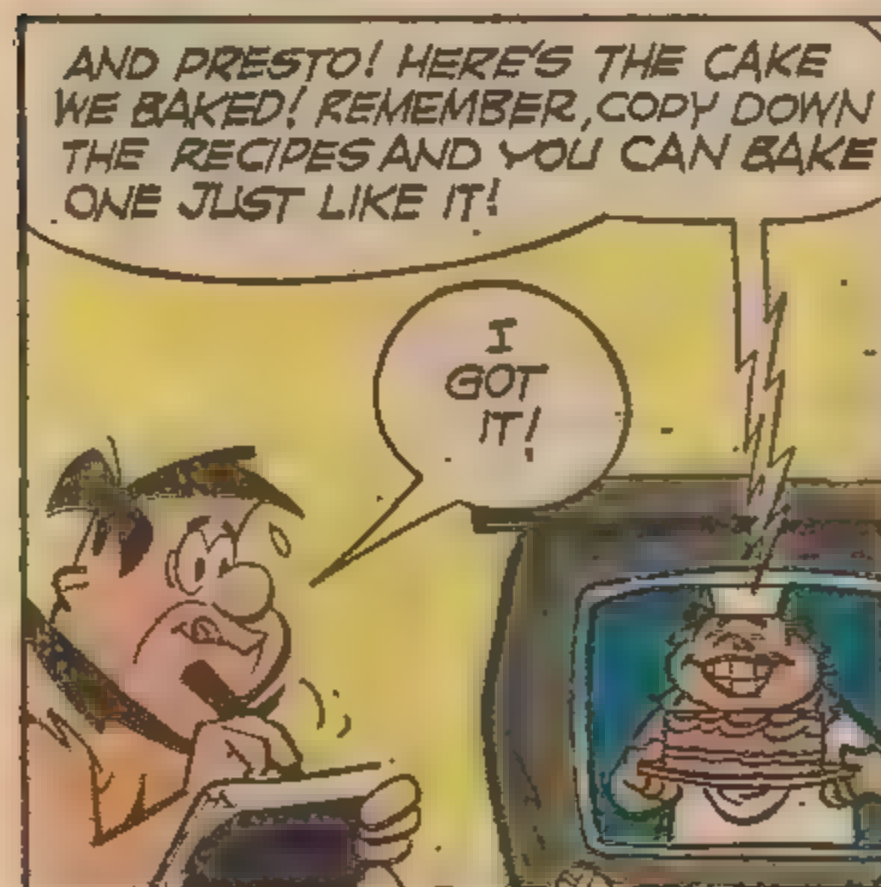
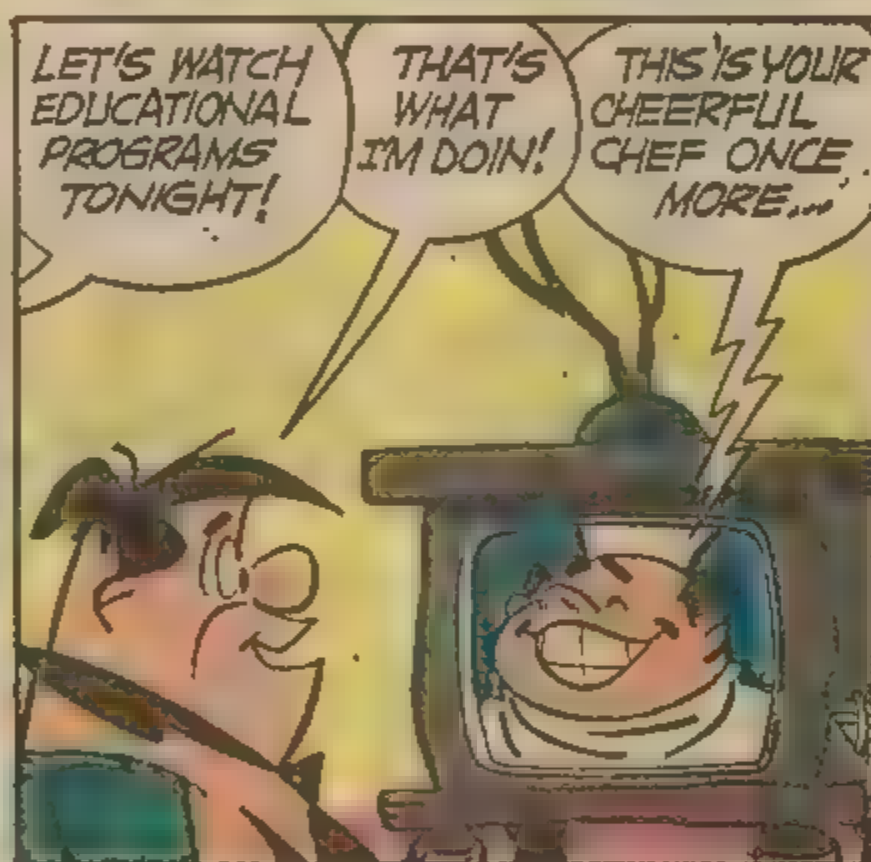
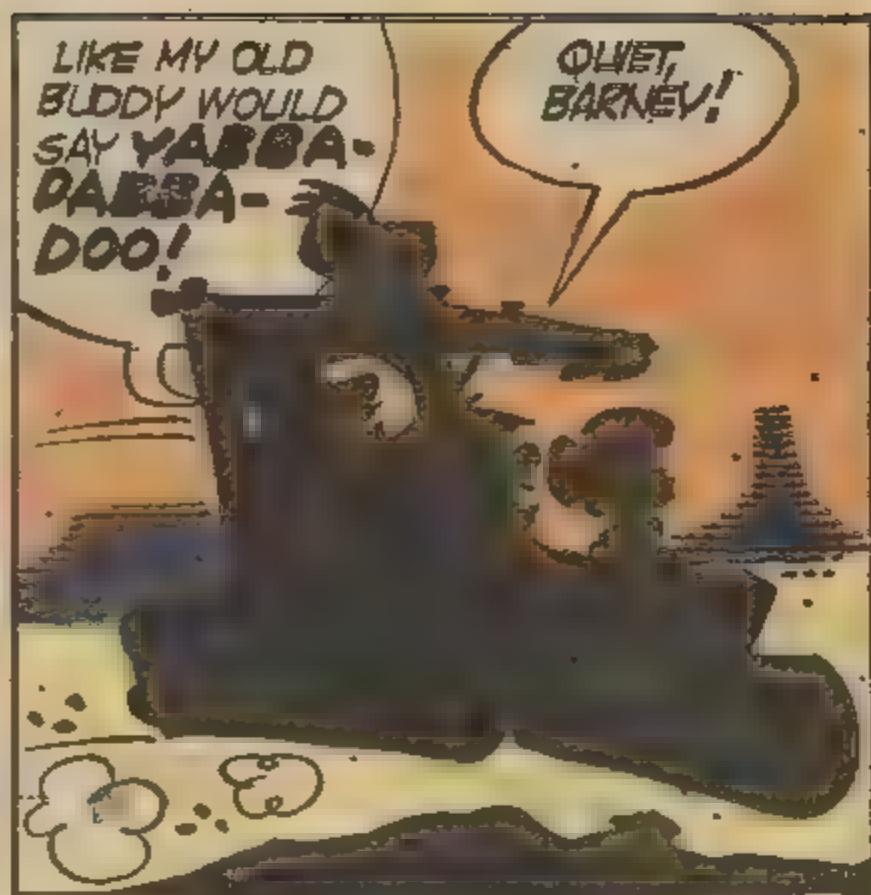




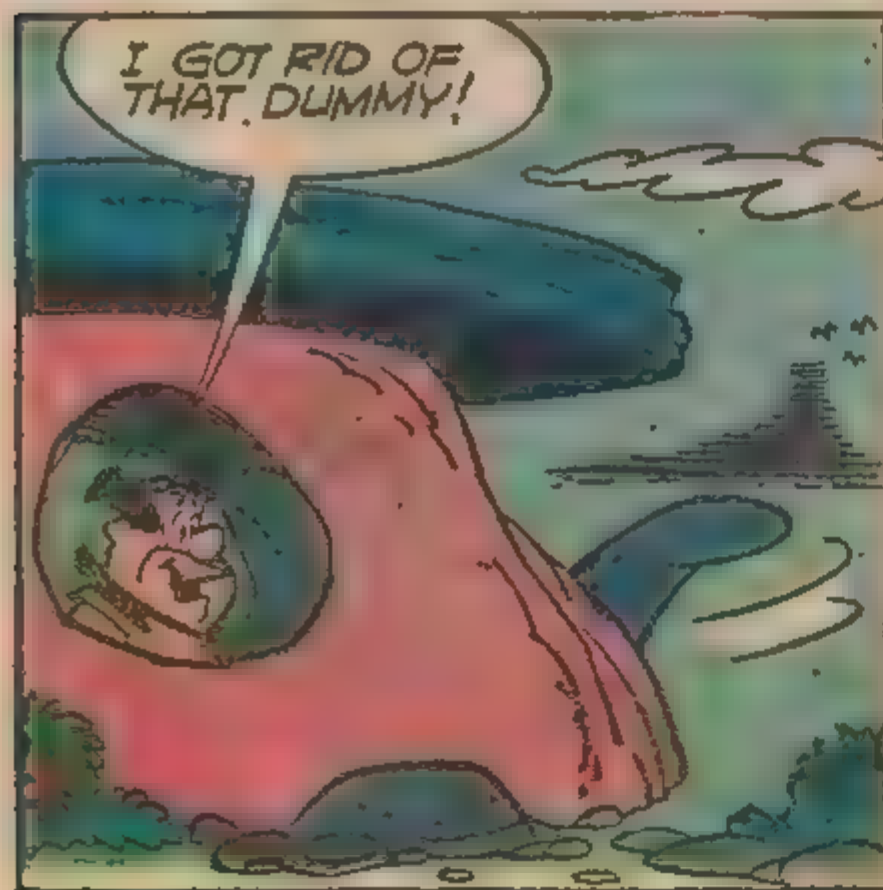
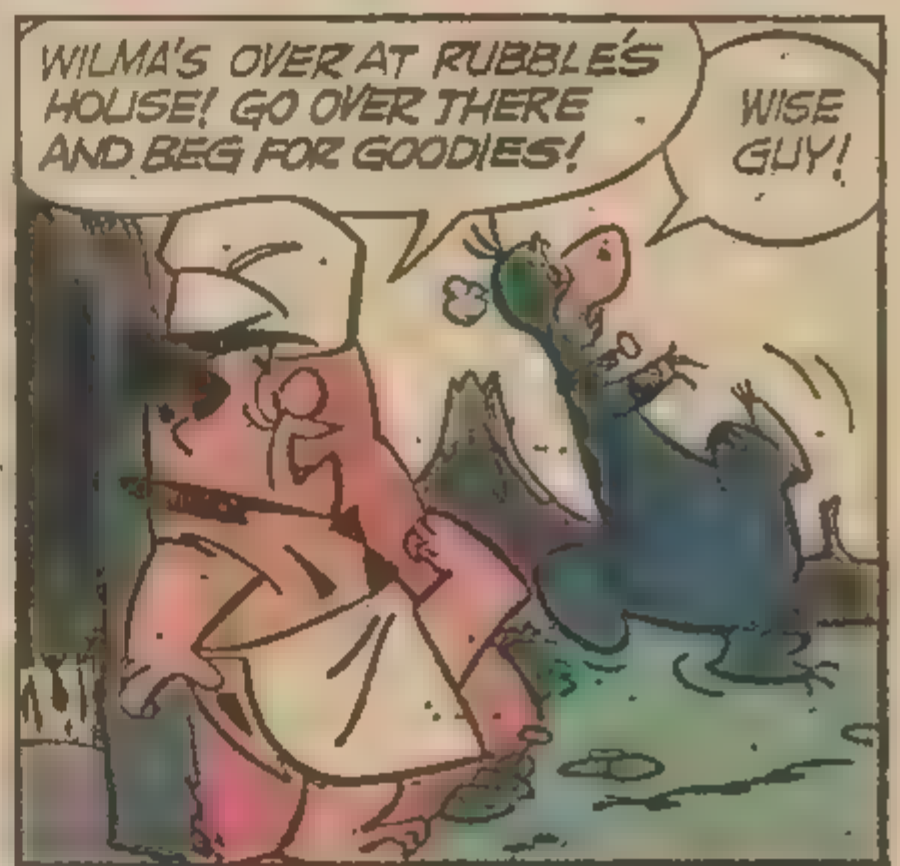


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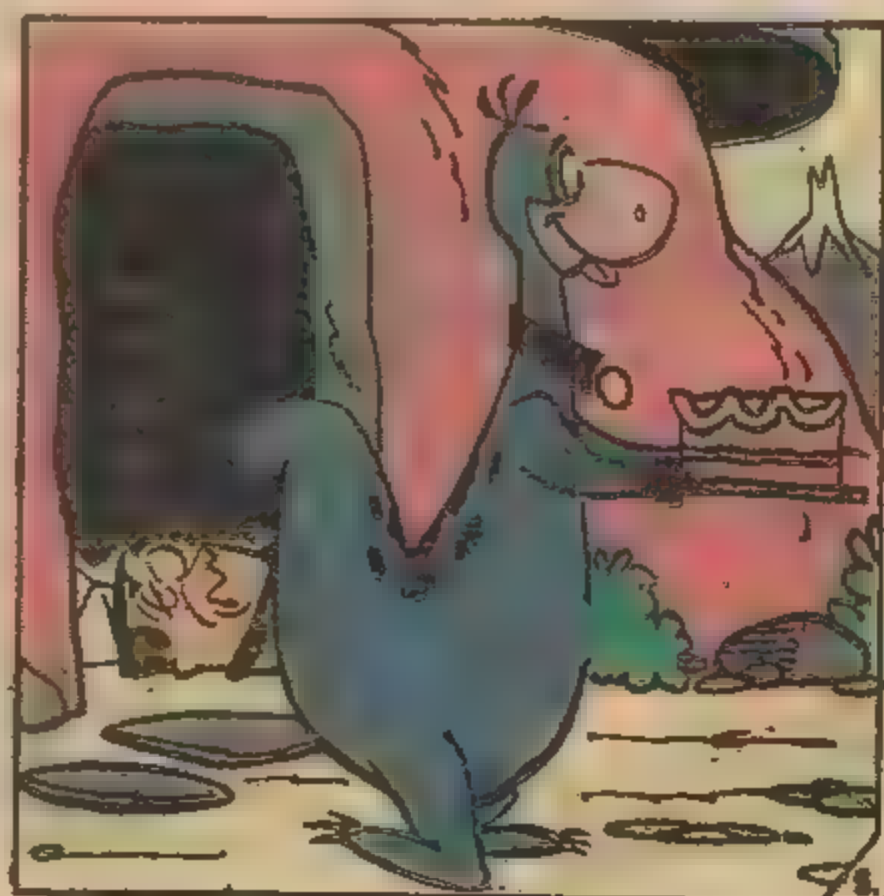
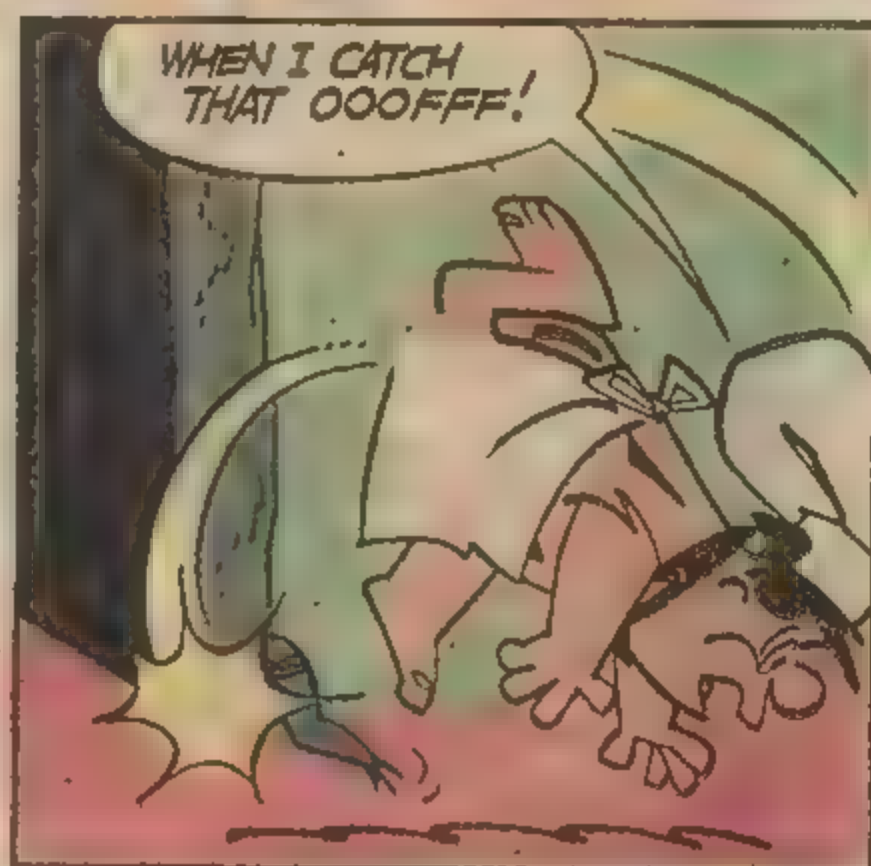
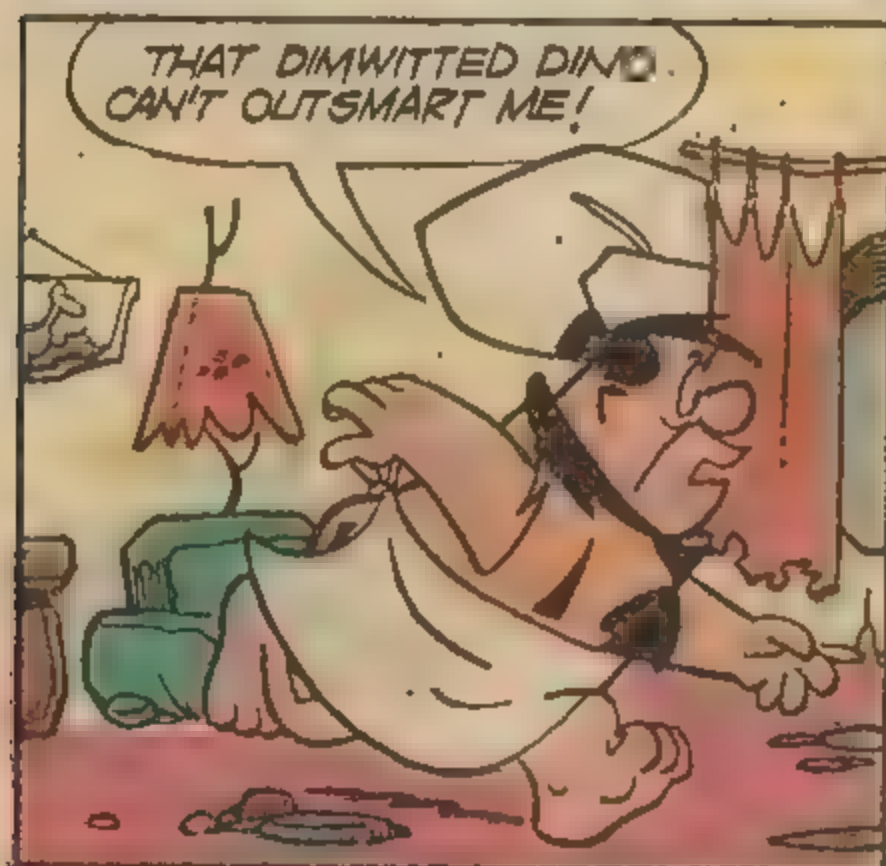




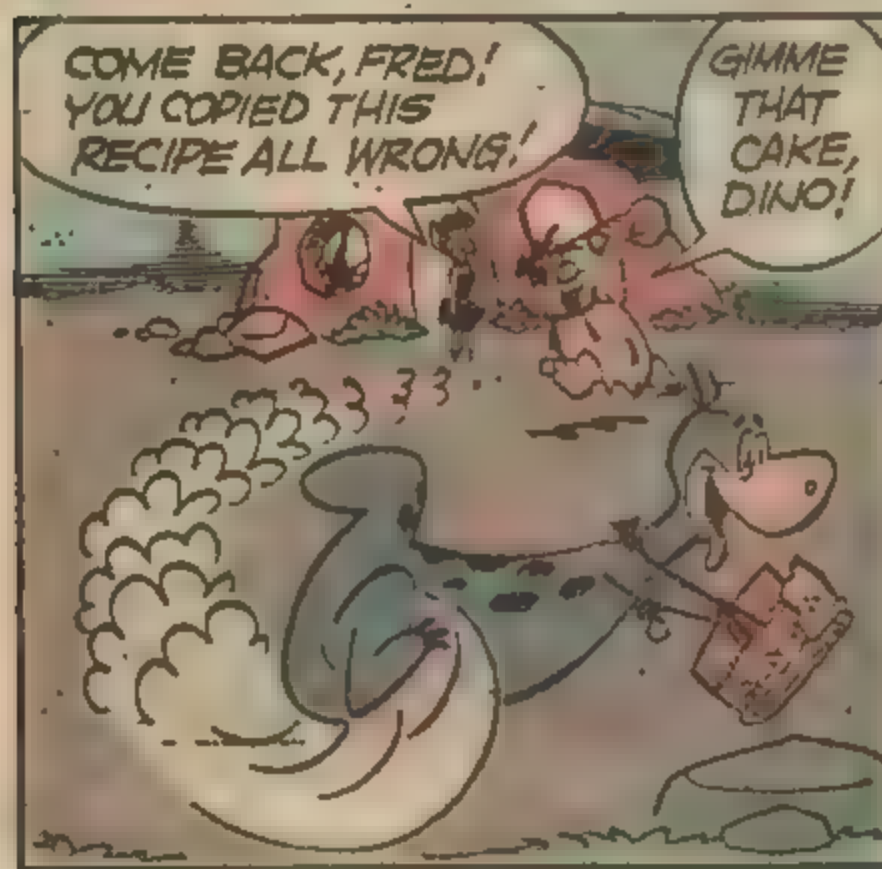
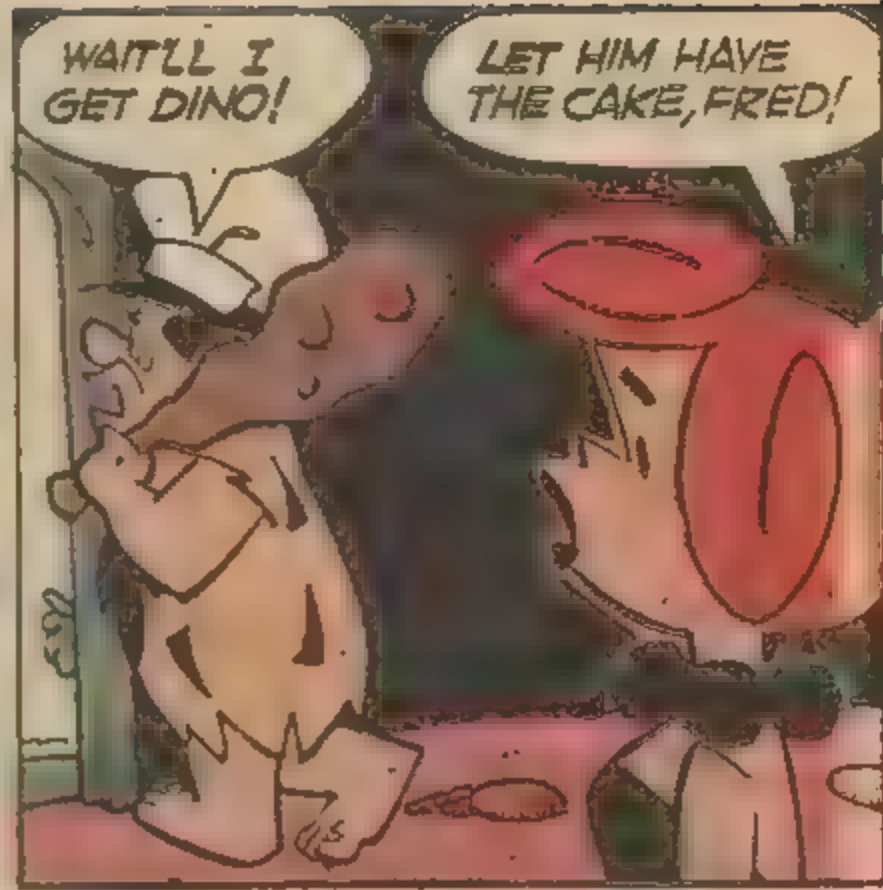
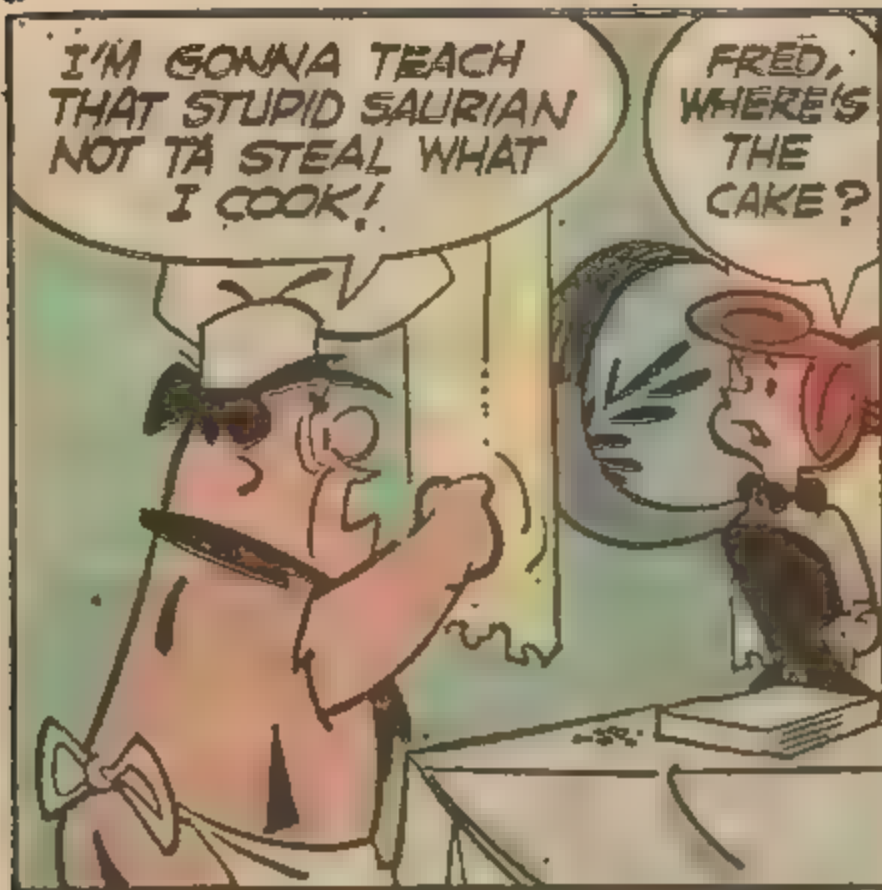














# THE MAGIC SWORD



by  
Mike Pellowski  
Jim Hanley...

Dimitri was a shepherd boy who lived in Greece during the year 600 B.C. Dimitri had to keep his sheep on the move in order to keep their bellies full. He would spend a few days on one slope of a hill and move on when the grass was gone. It was a lonely, secluded life for the ten year old orphan. He had no friends except his sheep and his faithful dog, "Argo". Dimitri and Argo kept the flock moving from mountain to mountain. There was always another hill to climb. The sheep were always hungry.

Dimitri had to be a brave lad to venture into the distant hills of Greece with only a staff for a weapon. There were many savage animals and hideous creatures who lurked in the dark caves and the forest shadows of the untamed wilderness. It was a hard life

but Dimitri thrived on it. He loved adventure and excitement.

"See those dark, black clouds and those flashes of light in the sky," said Dimitri to Argo one night after they had bedded down the flock. "See the lightning and hear the thunder, Argo?" asked Dimitri as he pointed upward. "The gods are at war!" he announced. Argo just whimpered and licked his Master's hand. It had been a hard day. A pack of wolves on the prowl were adding to the tumult of the raging summer storm.

"Look!" cried Dimitri springing to his feet. "It's a falling star ... No, a comet ... No! What can it be?" yelled Dimitri as his eyes focused hypnotically on the flaming object that sliced through a sinister, gray



cloud and plummeted earthward. The terrestrial object crashed into a mountainside not far from Dimitri. There was a loud explosion and bright flashes of light: "Let's go, Argo!" called Dimitri as he ran towards the flickering, fading glow.



When the boy reached the spot where the star had fallen, the glow was already extinguished. He was amazed to find a wounded warrior dressed in shining armor and holding a shield and a lance. Dimitri knew it was no ordinary man. It was a god who had been fighting a battle in the heavens and fallen to earth. "Water ... Water!" muttered the warrior as he vainly attempted to get up. Dimitri removed the man's helmet. "I'll give you water," he said as he reached for a canteen slung over his shoulder. He lifted his canteen to the man's parched lips. The warrior gulped eagerly. The water revived him. "I'm Aries, god of war. You've helped me and I'm grateful. Name your reward!" said the warrior who was now able to stand. "I want no reward. I helped you because you needed help," answered Dimitri.

Suddenly Argo began barking. Dimitri heard the distress cries of his flock. He also heard the wolf pack snarling and howling. "They're attacking my sheep. I have to go," he explained. "Wait! You have no weapon. Take this short sword," said Aries as he

pulled the sword and its scabbard from his belt. Dimitri clutched the sheathed sword in his hand and raced to his flock.

The wolves were huddled together and inching closer to the terrified sheep. The beasts were baring their fangs and snarling. They were half-starved. Even brave Dimitri armed with a sword would have trouble fighting them off. Suddenly, without warning, they attacked. Dimitri pulled the sword from its sheath and a strange thing happened. His muscles began to swell



He felt his body growing. He was no longer a boy. He was a man with the muscles of Hercules and the agility and weapon mastery of Aries.

The wolves were all around Dimitri. He stood between them and his sheep. He eluded their snapping, sharp fangs as he slashed at their grotesque bodies with his glowing sword. One well-aimed blow killed three wolves which had pinned Argo to the ground. He slashed again and again. Soon the battle was over. The wolves were repelled and the flock was safe. He returned the sword to its scabbard and his body returned to its original form. "We've done it, Argo," he said excitedly as he patted his dog.

He returned to where he'd left Aries. The war-god was gone. The sword was Dimitri's forever! The boy looked up into the sky. Lightning was flashing. Thunder was rumbling. He stuck the sword of Aries in his tash



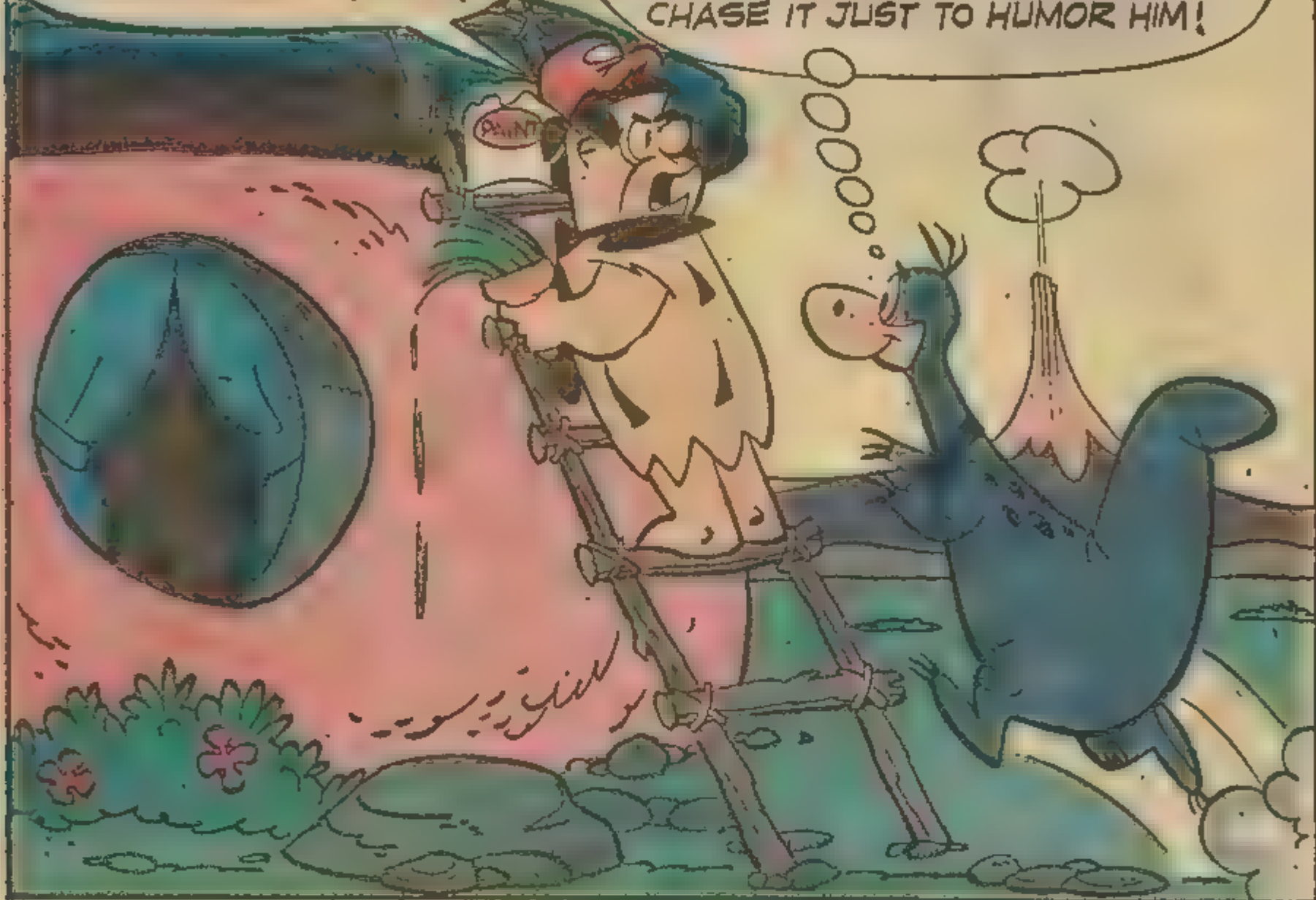


# DINO

## "DINO'S LITTLE PLAYMATE"

WHEN FRED FLINTSTONE  
PAINTS A... BEAT IT, DINO!

GURGGL! HE'LL THROW THAT  
FUNNY LOOKING STICK AND I'LL  
CHASE IT JUST TO HUMOR HIM!



I'M GONNA  
KILL HIM!..

IT'S YOUR OWN  
FAULT, FRED! I  
TOLD YOU TO TIE  
HIM UP EARLIER!

